

## **Sugar Tooth by LazyBaker**

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** M/M, Pet Sitting

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2021-07-23

**Updated:** 2021-07-23

**Packaged:** 2022-03-31 10:29:27

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 644

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Billy has a week out of Neil's house and he'd be a moron to stick his nose up at fifty bucks.

## Sugar Tooth

### Author's Note:

- For [lhni](#).

The flat face monstrosity licks Steve's nose and he *giggles*. All cute and shit. Rubs at the cat's ears and keeps smiling at it - lovingly.

Billy wants to ram the fireplace poker through his own eye before he makes a noise like 'aww'. Out loud. In front of Steve. It's close. Billy bites his tongue in half to keep it together.

He's not sure how picking up an old hag's cane off the grimy Fair Mart floor turned into petsitting eight cats for a week. He doubts he'll ever figure it out.

Women are fucking weird.

But Billy has a week out of Neil's house and he'd be a moron to stick his nose up at fifty bucks.

"Oh my god, I love this guy. He's so - ugly. But, like, in a good way?" Steve turns to him, like Billy's got any opinion on felines and their attractiveness.

Steve's got that goofy smile in action. Makes Billy get bubbly. Has him thinking it'd be a fine idea to push the cat over and get in on some of that nose licking.

Billy can feel his face heating up, can feel the rest of him following. Silently, he prays for Saint Peter to hurry up with the verdict before he embarrasses himself even more.

Steve's found him out. Insisted on coming inside to pet every cat. Growing up without pets and siblings apparently makes a guy needy to poke at something. A little old lady's animals. *Billy*.

A cat - the one with the stripes and pink collar shoves its way through Billy's elbows braced on his knees to settle on his lap. Entitled little shit.

"Entitled little shit." Billy says, not about to shy away from someone with a haughty attitude aimed at him even if it does walk on four legs and shit in a box Billy has to clean daily.

Billy pets it behind its ears. It purrs. Billy keeps at it just for something to do since it's here.

Billy doesn't *like* it or anything.

Steve appears inches from his face. Crosses the middle seat cushion to sit right next to him, nearly on top of him if it weren't for little bitchy whiskers.

"Oh, what's this one's name?"

"Mr. Ed." Billy says, hates that he has every cat's name memorized without trying. Had been introduced one by one. This is what he gets for being forced to get As in school or else.

"Named after - the horse?"

"Her dead husband."

Steve nods, grin slipping downwards at the corners, turning into a full blown weepy eyed accompanied frown. Taking in the useless information and keeping it because he's just like that. Cares about some old broad being a widow just *because*.

"Did she get all these cats after -"

"Think so." Billy shrugs, wanting to avoid thinking about the shit show life ends up being.

"That's so - sad. Losing the love of your life and then." Steve looks around the room. Floral couch. Doilies on every flat surface. Finds the vase that could be an urn and could be a vase and quickly crumples.

Steve reaches over and pets the cat trapping Billy to the spot. Unable to run. Unable to find a corner to hide in until Steve gathers his big dumb heart back up.

Their hands touch on the back of Mr. Ed's head and Billy is faced with the real possibility that it's possible to forget how to move.

"I guess they're nice enough company. Real cuddly." Steve says soft, looking at Billy from under thick eyelashes and dark eyes as he rubs Billy's knuckles.

Billy blames the ancient broad for the clench in his chest.

Clears his throat. Feels his head about to overheat. "Planning to snatch up some strays?"

"I don't know." Steve says, every bit of trouble Billy knew he would be. "Are you going somewhere?"

### **Author's Note:**

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